Ride it by brokenpromisesandhope

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Summary:

Nancy sits on Jonathan's face.

Ride it

Author's Note:

> What's up y'all, kinktober is here and I've never done this or any long fic challenge before so like.. be nice and encourage me?
> xx
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The first time he'd eaten her out came as a total surprise. They'd just finished having sex for the first time, slow and tender love making.. okay fast and inexperienced, but it was still good. Because she really liked Jonathan and really wanted to make him feel good. And if the eagerness in which he came was any indication, he did.

He collapsed on top of her and as ready as she was to roll over and go to sleep, Jonathan surprises her by shaking down her body and putting her legs on his shoulders, licking shyly up her wet pussy.

She squeals at the first touch of his tongue and he looks up, hair matted to his forehead,
"Is this okay?"

She nods eagerly,
"I just, I never have," he grins at that and she thumps her foot on his back, "Stop it!"

He laughs quietly and goes back to licking her. It feels so much better than it has any right to and eventually she clamps her sweaty hand over her mouth, willing herself to shut the fuck up. She can't help it, especially when he starts flicking her clit gently with his tongue. She wraps her legs tighter around him and it's over, and she squeals behind her hand.

He doesn't look cocky when he sits next to her, mouth wet,
"You, that was good right?" He asks.

She nods, cheeks pink,
"You're really good at that."

It's his turn to flush, and he wipes his mouth on the back of his hand,
"Good to know."

They don't do it every time, but a lot. Nancy doesn't ask, she's too embarrassed for that, but it seems Jonathan likes doing it as much as she enjoys having it done to her.

They're high. Well Nancy's high, Jonathan may be closer to sober than her, but he has a higher tolerance for her. They're naked, only because it's hot and the air conditioning is broken. Will is at her house and Joyce is at work, and the fan is blowing on them but they're still sweating.

Nancy's hand lulls to the side when she feels Jonathan's eyes on her,
"I want you to be on top," he says quietly.

She stares at him. They've never done that before. When she looks down, he's hard and she licks her lips. It takes her a minute to sit up, swing her leg over his. His hands grab her hips,
"No I meant, you, um," he looks down, "your, on my, um, face."

She stares,
"My? Your? Um, face?"

He nods,
"If you want."

She bites her lip,
"Yeah, um, how?"

He helps her position herself. She holds onto the edge of the headboard, knees straining, but Jonathan just pulls her down harder. She's scared she's going to suffocate him, but then his tongue is on her pussy and she can't think.

He's got a better angle and she grips the headboard as she squeals. He's all but perfected the technique at this point, his lips around her clit. He's always so eager and it's so wet and she's giddy with the fact that she's consuming his whole world right now.

He's gripping her thighs so hard she hopes his fingers leave bruises and eating her out like he's starving. It feels so good, she can't help

but rock her hips and moan louder and louder. She always comes faster when she's high and it's embarrassingly fast that she stills against his face, thighs clamping down so all he can do is suck.

She can't help but scream his name as she comes, everything more intense. She comes down and can feel him trying to catch his own breath against her thigh and goes to move off of him, scared she really had suffocated him. He holds her tighter, still panting against her and she stills. Let's him catch his breath and pull her down to his stomach. She sits on top of him, and feels the wetness and pushes a hand through her hair, laughing,
"You liked that huh?"

"So fucking much," he says, leaning up to kiss her.